Coming from Beyond the Stars: Chelli, Apta, Nana the Punk Rocker, and Hachi's Choice
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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Nana Osaki sings, as loud as she can, about her past and the woman she once loved all those years ago, lamenting what she did. There are very few attendees listening to her. Some of those in the audience include the impulsive space archaeologist, and her girlfriend. They are none other than Chelli Lona Aphra and Entrapta, who came from another world. After Nana ends her set, Chelli makes a request: come aboard her spaceship, the Darla Angel. When Nana O., doesn't say the "right" thing to Chelli, she is kidnapped, shocked into unconsciousness by an electric prod, then brought onto the awaiting vessel, which soon blasts off from the Earth's surface. What will happen to Nana O. and what will Chelli and Entrapta have in store for her? You'll have to read to find out what happens...

Notes

Hello everyone! It's been a while since I've written for this series, but I have plans to keep it going. Anyway, happy National Hug a Musician Day. This day you are supposed to envelop a musician, with your arms, hugging them, letting them know that they are appreciated. This day is relevant to this fic because Nana O. is a musician!

I started this fic when I finished watching the Nana anime adaptation in mid-May of this year. I thought the characters of Nana would mesh well with the characters within this series. I started writing this fic in mid-July and finished it this month. A early title was "Aphra Fuckin' Shit Up: Rockin' Out, Rockin' Hard, Entrapta, and the Two Nanas." I decided to change the title from that one because that title wasn't really accurate because she isn't "fuckin' shit up." I added this fic to Angstober, with this fic fulfilling the prompts "Of Course It's You," "Still Remember," "What You Deserve," "Do You?," and "You Promised," along with others as listed here.

Like my other fics, this fic was cross-posted on Squidge World, Wattpad (entitled "Chelli, Apta, Nana the Punk Rocker, and Hachi's Choice"), Quotev, Asian Fanfiction and Adult Fanfiction (entitled "Chelli, Apta, Nana, Punk Rock and Hachi's Choice"). I struggled a little to post the last one earlier this month, but thanks to admins, I worked it out!

Update #1 on 11/29/25: Before posting part nine of this series I realized that I had missed cross-posting this fic on Webnovel as a chapter, with the same title as this fic, by accident, so I did that today.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Yasuko's Punk Rock Surprise and the Blossoming of New Love by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Imaginary (The Pain is Real Remix) by BatchSan
- Inspired by siren, sing away my desires by orihimes
- Inspired by Fate by Soffya
- Inspired by tell me "don't" so i can crawl back in by kanethecryptid
- Inspired by Differently Delusional by dagas isa (dagas_isa)
- Inspired by Domestic Bliss in Apartment 707 by dagas isa (dagas_isa)
- Inspired by Bitter Heart by whorecoded
- Inspired by That pavilion with a garden I promised by orphan_account
- Inspired by Echoes of Silence by popcrestt

Nana never thought that she would ever meet a person from outer space who was such a badass. Nor did she think she would get to meet the *other* Nana again, a woman she had nicknamed "Hachi" all those years ago. She had so much to say but words escaped her and emotions spilled out. Let's go back to how we got here. A woman wearing a brown leather aviator cap and another woman with lilac prehensile hair, who had walked across a grassy field, stood out.

She paid them no mind and kept singing her heart out. Her raven hair, mixed with blonde streaks, blew in the breeze. The part of her upper arm which formerly had a lotus flower tattoo had been replaced by a black rose, recalling a strident tune she sang many years ago for Blast. She placed her hands around the microphone, with her shapely, and long, black fingernails holding it in place.

I can't sugar coat my pain/

I can't let myself stay in pain/

Perhaps this is all a bad dream/

We could have been a team/

The song continued. She was dressed in her typical punky outfit, including a black leather choker around her neck, complete with spikes, black leather coverings, like extended armbands, one on each arm, near her wrists, *again* with spikes. She was wearing her classic Vivienne Westwood ring. Her multicolored hair fit with this outfit well. She looked out into the small crowd assembled in front of her. She put aside how few people had come to see her sing. Concentrating on her own voice, she closed her brown eyes, causing her long and lush eyelashes to stand out. The same could be said for her black mascara, purple eyeshadow, and multiple piercings on her left ear. Her expression changed to a smile, covering her fleshy and bottom-heavy lips. While she wildly strummed her guitar, she belted out more lyrics, singing at the top of her lungs.

I was afraid what would happen/

I just wanted to be there for you/

If I had only been strong enough/

I could have saved you from him/

She continued her heartfelt song about a beautiful, illuminating woman, a person she once had a crush on, a person she couldn't bring herself to confess to. That woman had thought that Takumi was good for her because she seemed happy. If Nana had only known the inner turmoil that her friend was going through. As time went on, Nana couldn't handle being around her other band members, nor could she handle being near Ren, especially after she found out that he cheated on her. His substance abuse was one thing, but cheating was the final straw. Then he died in a sudden, and fatal, automobile accident. She wanted to get away

from it all. By the time she had fled to England, she found herself reading, in the papers, about Takumi's divorce with Hachi. It smashed apart what she thought she knew. She should have gone back to Japan to comfort her friend. But, she didn't know what to say. She wasn't sure how to move forward. She wasn't sure how to make up with her. All the while, Hachi remained in Apartment 707, waiting, and hoping, that her long-lost friend would return.

As the small crowd left, she put her guitar on a stand, then sat on the stage. She was taking a break. These sets could be very brutal. She took a lighter out of her pocket, lit a cigarette, and blew smoke. She needed to relax after this emotionally-draining set. She couldn't keep going like this *all the time*. The two women she had seen earlier came up to her while holding one another's hands. She really couldn't deal with fans, *not now*. She'd rather wallow in her misery, go to a bar, and get hammered. That wouldn't happen because of what these two women said to her, especially the one in a leather cap. Putting on her sunglasses and stepping forward, she blew a party horn, and spoke in a serious tone.

"This boring you? Why don't you come with me... *instead*? You know, I'm from a *different planet*," she started to say, then laughed. She took off her glasses and brushed her brown hair back, as it blew in the calm breeze. Nana looked at her like she had a thousand heads. What in the world was this woman saying. Before she could add anything, the woman continued. "It's *all* true. You wanna see my spaceship?...the one and only *Darla Angel* which I share with my beautiful girlfriend?" The other woman smiled. Nana had no idea what to do in this situation. She didn't want to be pulled into some strange scheme. She wanted to be *free* to do what she wanted. That's why she came to England.

"Uh, miss. That's nice, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave...if you could just…" she said, before she was cut off. She felt hands, made out of hair, grab her and drop her into the arms of the other woman, who smiled back at her. What in the world was happening? She yelped. "Unhand me, you fiend!" The woman shook her head. "That's no way to talk to a pre-eminent archaeologist *with a doctorate*, none other than the great, amazing, stupendous Doctor Chelli Aphra," she said, almost gritting her teeth. The other woman grabbed her instruments. She demanded that she be careful. She complied. They didn't want to hurt her in any way… they just wanted to talk.

While she would have cried out, it was too late. All those involved in stage clean-up had left. So, asking for help would do nothing at this point. The other woman *could have* stopped her partner. Instead, she pulled out an electric prod from her pocket, shocking Nana and causing her slump into unconsciousness. She was part of this. She had no problem helping her girlfriend with it. None at all. After all, she had promised to have fun with her. They ran off toward the *Darla Angel* and placed Nana in one of the now-guest bedrooms which had been occupied by Bow and Glimmer when they were on the spacecraft. "Chelli, what are our plans now?" she asked. Scratching her chin, Chelli blurted out a response. "Apta, let's get off this damn planet. That electric charge can't last too long, right?" She nodded.

The *Darla Angel* took off and zoomed through the atmosphere. The ship soon made its way outside of Earth's orbit and near the Moon. It remained cloaked to avoid any possible detection. At that moment, Nana woke up. She saw that she was on a bed. She checked her pockets. Nothing had been stolen. She felt the clothes on her body. Nothing had been removed. Who *were* these people? She didn't even notice the window outside. If she had

looked outside, she would have realized that she was in space. She walked through the corridors and soon found herself on the ship's bridge. She growled. "What the fuck am I doing here? Why did you kidnap me?"

Chelli struggled to find the right words to say. So, Apta explained it instead. "My girlfriend likes you miss… *I mean to say* that we both loved your music so much...we want you to come with us...on our journey across the universe…" Chelli chuckled. "Yeah, its a sapphic escapade, where I meet beautiful women along the way. It's a lot of fun," the woman boasted, encouraging her to come along, to join them on this trek across time and space. Nana wasn't so sure. Could she really leave Earth and everything behind? Considering the bad place she was in right now, she didn't know. What if she wanted to visit Hachi? What if she wanted to... Her thoughts were interrupted by Chelli.

"So, Miss Nana Osaki," she said, looking at a pamphlet she picked up before the show began, "were you singing about *a woman* today?" She blushed. How could this woman, she had just met, know? What did she know about her life? She played with smaller crowds now and everything she did was acoustic. No electric guitar. She didn't have the money for all that fancy equipment. Sometimes she played in smoke-filled rooms. Sometimes she played in open fields. But, she had never fucked around with anyone else, especially not since she'd broken up with Ren. She'd been all alone. She'd made sure of that. "Uh, if I was…would that be an issue?" she said, without directly answering Chelli's question and trying to sidestep it. Chelli got right in her face. "Nah it wouldn't. Instead it would mean that you are *a girl-kisser*," she began by saying, then added, "I'm one of those people. I mean, come on, girls who kiss girls are damn *awesome*. You know I do the cha-cha with my girlfriend, Apta, every night. It's amazing. You should do it sometime too…"

Nana's face was warm and turning even redder. Was this woman flirting with her or something? An idea came into her head. Maybe this woman could get her to visit Hachi. Maybe they could... finally be together. So she decided to play along. "The song *is* about a girl. She ended up marrying man, divorcing him, and I went to England...I haven't seen her for so many years...I'm not even sure it's worth it." Chelli smiled. She whispered into her partner's ear. Nana could guess what they were talking about. "Set a course to...what's the woman's name?" She decided to answer. "It's Hachi, also known as Nana Komatsu. She lives in Tokyo, Japan...I know the address." Tapping keys, Apta was able to hack into the global positioning system. It was easy. The system had been secured so badly it was a miracle more people didn't mess with it. She used it to move their ship into position. She pulled a lever and the vessel began a fast descent. As Nana was about to hit a nearby wall, Apta used her hair to place her in a seat and fastened the seatbelts. She did the same for Chelli, to her chagrin. She convinced her by saying they would grease down each other later.

As the ship lowered, it made its way into the river near the building she had once called her home. It was a modest historic brick building with Apartment 707 and it loomed over the water. Its weathered stones and windows reflected the sky's soft light. It had been so long. It felt nostalgic. Perhaps the ghosts of the past were there. She didn't care. That didn't matter. She wasn't sure what she would say. Luckily for her, Hachi had gone outside to sit by the water. She'd left her apartment, where she was now living alone, since her children had gone their separate ways. Her friends came by every so often. She was somehow making by. Sometimes she wished she'd gone back in time.

She felt a rumbling sound and huge splash in the river, creating a massive wave which nearly got her pink dress, covered with with tiny white polka-dots, sopping wet. She had no idea what was happening. She soon found herself on her ass, lying on the ground. Out of nowhere, she saw someone she thought was familiar. It was none other than Nana! She rubbed her eyes. Was this a dream? She realized it wasn't when the woman came within feet of her, so close she could almost smell her. Her hair color was somewhat different, but her clothes were exactly what she remembered. She jumped up, then ran toward her, and hugged her. She knew *exactly* who it was. "Nana, you came back!" she exclaimed, with tears streaming down her face. Nana put her arms around the woman. It was now the present. They remained in a tender embrace, while Chelli and Apta watched. "Yes I did, Hachi. I'm here now."

As their embrace ended, Chelli and Apta walked toward them. Hachi backed up and prepared to pull out her phone, so she could call the authorities, especially when she saw that one of them had some sort of gun in a holster. To everyone's surprise, Nana came to their defense. "These are the women who brought me here, all the way from the English countryside...I was *free* from everything but I was so lonely...I never knew what to tell you...after everything that happened." Hachi started to cry again, but stopped after Nana held her hand. She began pulling her closer to the ship. She smiled in her typical way.

"We can *begin anew* with their help...will you join me? We don't need Apartment 707 anymore. We can start over...and move beyond the mistakes of the past." Hachi couldn't believe what she was saying. Could she really leave everyone and everything behind? What if she never returned? What about her parents? Her friends? Perhaps it was fate for them to come together and for them to meet again. "I believe in fate...and *our fate* is for us to be together, to be with one another." She paused, thinking about the symbols of their life and friendship with one another, including the strawberry glasses, and their apartment. They had a deep connection with one another. This time it could be different.

Hachi had always been so optimistic that she fell for each and every guy. She had suspected that Nana had feelings for girls, while always touching her across her body, although never in any way that was super sexual, which would have shown their romantic, and sexual, attraction to one another. Nana was trying to keep her composure. Turning toward Nana, Hachi exclaimed, in her typical way, "YES! I'll go with you!" Nana was a bit surprised, looking at her former, and now-current, friend's eyelashes, seeing their curves, and how soft her jaw was. Went went for it and placed a kiss on Hachi's cheek, catching her off guard.

"I-I-I-I've wanted to do that for so long, Hachi...it's just…" she said, as she began to trail off. Hachi sweetly replied, as a blush filled her entire face, remaining embarrassed. "You've been suffering there in England all by yourself...I can see it...let's share in the suffering, rather than being isolated from one another." Chelli thought this conversation sounded weird, while Apta was bit more of a romantic, in some ways, thought it was sweet. As they held each other's hands, drawn together like magnets, they followed Chelli and Apta into the *Darla Angel*. Perhaps it was fucked up to leave everyone behind, but with the men who were like a nest of vipers that had treated them by shit, the overly judgy friends who didn't help, and the others in their lives, they were ready to press a reset, in a sense, on their relationship, while remembering the past.

Both Nanas were troubled women. They had been in toxic relationships with awful men. One of them became a housewife. The other became an acclaimed punk rocker in Japan. Both of those life trajectories had gone up in flames, either thanks to divorce, death, jealous tabloids, or something else entirely. This time, nothing would tie them down. Of course, neither one was sure they could *fully* trust these women. Nana owed a debt of gratitude to them, for helping her get together with a woman she had crushed on for a long time, to do something messed up without consequences. Maybe they would have regrets, but they didn't need all these people stopping them from being together. And why not be with a woman who could cook? As they entered the ship, Apta closed the landing ramp and Chelli adjusted the controls. She pulled a lever. The ship began its ascent.

Hachi and Nana fell onto one another, with both blushing more than they could admit, as they looked at each another. What in the world were they doing here? They could have just hung out in Apartment 707! Perhaps they had made a decision too rashly. Maybe this was all a mistake. Hachi held her friend tightly. "I won't let anything bad happen to you...I'll protect you," she declared, kissing her friend on the chin, as Nana laughed. There were no men there to stop them from expressing themselves. For Nana, Hachi was perfect in a way that no one else was. She was someone who was deeply important to her. There were no men that would cause them forget about each other. They can fantasize all they like in reality, rather than in imagination. This was a thrill for both of them. Chelli and Apta felt the same *every night*.

As the spacecraft made its way into the atmosphere once again, sitting in Earth's orbit, the two Nanas settled in their room. They wanted to talk about what happened, to reconnect with one another. "I'm sorry for everything I did back then...I should have been there for you…," Hachi said, as tears went down her cheeks. Nana hugged her. If it hadn't been for the two wild women she had met that very day, she never would have come across Hachi again. If only she had worked up the courage sooner. If only it had been different. She lamented her mistakes. "I'm sorry too...I even nicknamed you after a dog...I thought of you in such a terrible way..." She embraced her now-current friend. Remaining in this close embrace, they finally had a place to talk, a place away from all the hurt.

Moving her arms away, Hachi scooted back a bit. She nervously twirled her blonde hair. "You know, I've been attracted to you for *a long time*. You really are my type. I love people with dark hair, dark clothes, and piercings." Nana laughed. Was this girl seriously confessing to her right now? Is this how this kind of thing worked? It was certainly a different vibe from the men she'd been with before. They had been forceful and only cared about themselves. If only they had talked about it, so much of their turmoil could have been avoided. So much they went through and for what? They really didn't need any of those rotten people on Earth anyway. Some of them might miss them, but *so what*?

Nana's plump red lipstick was hypnotizing to Hachi, as was every part of her being. She really wanted to kiss her. Nana had done the same some time ago, but they'd never repeated that ever again, even though they'd snuggled together. She only wanted to return the favor. Nana almost started crying, but stopped herself. She had never been able to say outright, even to herself, how she felt about a girl with the same first name as her. Her feelings couldn't just be explained away. It was something that burned intensely within her, something she struggled to admit. Was she really free from what had been weighing her down? Would she be happy with her? Or was she deluding herself?

"Hachi...I...ran away from you...from everyone...I was so scared what you might think of me...that I was so cowardly," she started to say. No one was there to judge them. No one could chain them down. Chelli or Apta could care less, as they just wanted these women as travel companions. She decided to admit it. At this point she had nothing left to lose. "I've *always* loved you Hachi, from the moment we met...my feelings only deepened during the time we spent together...if I had told you sooner...then..." As tears started to form on her eyes, Hachi wiped each one away. She wanted them to shine together. They could have new dreams, not something based on what society told them. Maybe her devotion wasn't hopeless after all. Perhaps it had been worth it to feel a connection to one another.

"It's okay, Nana. We both fucked shit up. We could have done better...many other women go through the same thing...I'm just happy to be with you here and now." She whispered in Nana's ear, "can I kiss you?" Her friend nodded. She grabbed Nana's head and pressed her lips against that of her friend. Surprised by the sensation, she couldn't resist kissing her back. They smooched like they meant it, expressing their love for one another. Nana had never forgotten their first kiss and she certainly wouldn't be forgetting this one. She couldn't believe she was with a woman who was so damn cute. She could barely take it. Their lips remained locked together for a while, until Nana released herself to Hachi's shock. What was Nana doing? She pulled along Hachi and ran out of the room, so quickly that Hachi could barely get her bearings. She found herself on the ship's bridge.

"Hachi is *my* woman, you here!...not anyone else's! She's *my* girlfriend now!" Nana declared triumphantly. Hearing this loud and clear, Apta and Chelli just shrugged. Had she just come out here for this? Nana was a bit embarrassed after afterward, since the two women didn't say anything. Chelli sighed. "So, what, did you experience some afternoon delight? Did she see your juicy fruit or *something*?" The faces of both Nanas couldn't be redder. What did this woman expect them to do? They hadn't seen each other in so long, and… Hachi blurted out, "we kissed...is that enough for you...come on!" This woman could be so *damn* annoying. Her exes had thought the same about her. This wasn't a surprise since her dodge-and-weave approach to life had worked well for avoiding trouble but not for relationships. Not *at all.*

Chelli sighed. "Fine, fine. I just like messing with *such beautiful* women as yourselves, such fine specimens," she said while laughing sheepishly. Her partner stepped in for her, to her relief. This was part of the reason she loved her so much. "My sweet Chelli enjoys teasing people such as yourselves...*please* take no offense," she said, resulting in an immediate eye-roll from Chelli. In many ways they were compatible, more than they ever would have realized originally, all that time ago. She pulled them all together and shouted. "Are you ready to go on an adventure...through the stars?" The two Nanas looked at each other. Chelli joked once again, shaking her head. "We might even meet a catgirl, a woman who can turn her rage into a flaming essence, a girl who can create shadow clones, and another who uses a scythe." No one knew what she was talking about, so they just nodded along.

Adjusting their course trajectory, she plugged in an uncharted region, one she had wanted to explore for a long time but never got a chance. "Punch it, Apta." The woman smiled. "It is most obliged." She pulled the lever and the ship began its travel through hyperspace. What awaited them no one knew, but it would surely change their lives in ways more than one, especially for the two Nanas.

End Notes

The scene of Chelli telling Nana about the spaceship is directly inspired by this scene from the 2005 live-action film adaptation of Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy. Chelli's mention of the "sapphic escapade" is a reference to the name of this series which is entitled "Aphra's Sapphic Escapade Through the Stars." Love putting that in fics like this. Otherwise, the fics "Little Glass Apples" (particularly chapter 3), "Maybe we are meant for each other," "A Surprise Late Night Visit," "Keep The Rain," "Late Night Confessions," "tender rain," "Pipe Dreams," "And I've been a forest fire," "Good Luck, Hachi!," "hopelessly devoted to you," "NANA × Another Universe," "Cherry Pie," "Half and Half Again," "Room 707," "black coffee and vintage silk," "Sweater Weather," "this morning (and all the rest)," "was it casual when we adopted a cat together," I am ready to let go," and "a figure standing up" were somewhat of an inspiration but not enough to add them to the inspiration section. Similarly, explicit fics like "Get Out of My Head (Just Long Enough So I Can Sleep)" or Show Me Love (in Spanish) are well-done but not exactly the vibe I was going for here. Even so, I may use them as an inspiration for other fics in the future. In the case of this fic, "juicy fruit" is used to mean vagina/pussy, but in actually it is used as a euphemism for "sexual intercourse."

The average length of fics in this series are about 5,000 words long. The word count ranged from between 2,696 (part 3 of this series) to 7,242 (part 6 of this series). I went between both of those with a word count of over 3,700 words. This fic undoubtedly has elements "intended to provoke the feeling of unrest and uncertainty," i.e. angst, even if it isn't fully dramatic in nature. It isn't light-hearted or comedic, and characters certainly "suffer mental or physical anguish during the course of the story."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!